

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

1880.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

MR MAPLESON has the honour to announce that he has made arrangements with Mr CARL ROSA for a SEASON of OPERA in ENGLISH, commencing

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In addition to the usual repertoire of the Carl Rosa Company, it is intended to produce during the season, for the first time in English,

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"AIDA."

The English Version by Mr HENRY HERSE.

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"LOHENGGRIN."

The English Version by Mr J. P. JACKSON.

AMBOISE THOMAS'S

"MIGNON."

The English Version by Mr ARTHUR MATTHISON.

And GORTZ'S Masterpiece,

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

The English Version by the Rev J. TROUTBECK, M.A.

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Mlle LIDO
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Miss JOSEPHINE YORKE,
Miss CHARLOTTE WILMERS
(Her first appearance),
Miss GIULIA WARWICK,
and
Mme SELINA DOLARO.

Miss ALBU
(Her first appearance),
Miss CLARA PERRY,
Miss ELLA COLLINS,
Miss JOSEPHINE WARREN,
Miss BLANCHE NAVERRE,
and
Miss GEORGINA BURNS.

Engagements have also been concluded, for a limited number of performances with

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and with

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By

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"GENTLE SWALLOW."

Words by

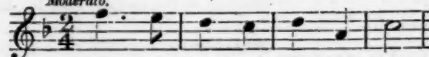
ED. OXFENFORD.

Song.

Music by

A. REICHARDT.

Moderato.



Gen - the swal - low, pri' - thee stay.

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M^{ME} MARIE BELVAL will sing **HENRY SMART's** admired Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Maidenhead, Jan. 7th; Trinity School Rooms, Portland Road, Jan. 8th; Pinner, Jan. 9th; St Mary's Hospital, Jan. 15th; and Town Hall, Shoreditch, Jan. 28th. Address—7, Cavendish Place, W.

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CONCERTS IN VIENNA.*

At the second Philharmonic Concert, we had no new composition but a new singer, Mdle Nevada, who sang Mozart's difficult air, "Märtern aller Arten" (from *Die Entführung*). The young lady, an American, whose virtuosity does honour to Mdme Marchesi's teaching, possesses a high soprano voice, small in volume and not too fresh in tone. Her strength lies in her brilliant and effortless execution of runs, shakes, and staccatos on the dangerous heights which Mozart's Queen of Night and Constance must scale. Her mechanism obtained its merited reward; the warmth, however, which her performance diffused among the audience answered to her name of "Nevada," that is: "a heavy fall of snow."

Our four Quartet Societies are actively continuing the campaign, before—as we have much pleasure in stating—numerous and applauding audiences. Herren Radnitzky, Siebert, Stecker, and Kretschmann, decked out their first two soirées with select chamber music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Volkmann, gaining, by softness of tone more especially, the sympathies of their public. Herr Grün, the *Concertmeister*, has brought together in his quartet some admirable performers: Herr Sahla, a young virtuoso, as talented as modest, whom we should like to hear in a solo; Herr Hilbert, the tenor; and lastly, Herr David Popper, a complete master of the violoncello, doubly welcome after his long absence. Assisted by that excellent artist, Herr Epstein, the above gentlemen executed so successfully Hermann Grädeners pianoforte quintet (already known to the Viennese) that the composer had to come forward several times. An equally flattering reception was accorded at Hellmesberger's to the second performance of the highly interesting pianoforte quintet by Goldmark, with Herr Anton Door as pianist. At Hellmesberger's second soirée, we made acquaintance with a very agreeable new string quintet by Otto Dessoff. What we said last year in praise of this musician's quartet we can now repeat with additional force of his quintet. Though the two are unmistakably related, the new composition excels the earlier one in warmth and energetic effect. We have not, it is true, to struggle through paroxysms of deep passion, and people will hardly dispute as to whether the composer was thinking of Hamlet, Faust, or King Lear. For this we are very much obliged to him. He never endeavours to impress us by false pathos or to surprise us by the pranks of genius; he tries to please musically, and he undoubtedly succeeds. Genuine chamber music in the Mendelssohnian sense, measured, interesting, and graceful, the quintet flows along in one harmonious stream. The *allegretto*, a happy fancy worked out with more than ordinary delicacy, was repeated in compliance with the general wish.—EDUARD HANSLICK.

Since our last notice, there have been two grand morning concerts, with numerous other musical entertainments, of greater or less importance, grouped around them. At the Philharmonic Concert, Herr Xaver Scharwenka, from Berlin, a pianist and composer, already favourably known in Germany and England, appeared here for the first time. His bilingually constituted name seems to point to a somewhat close relation with our monarchy (probably to the primitive form: Czerwenka). Without any reception and almost unnoticed, the young stranger seated himself at the piano, from which he was to rise amid a storm of applause, the like of which has perhaps never greeted any pianist since Rubinstein. The applause, however, was addressed probably more to the playing than to the composition; that which principally found favour in the latter was the skill with which it placed the former in the most advantageous light. In Scharwenka's B flat minor Concerto (Op. 32), there alternate two different kinds of style or feeling: one pathetic and full of forced passion; the other light and elegantly adapted to concert purposes. The first is at once proclaimed in the wild B flat minor theme, which, by its tone, reminds us of Liszt's Concerto in E flat major, or Wagner's "Faust overture," and is continually spurring itself into the attempt to appear profound, significant, and weary of worldly woe. This gloomy, Faustic expression strikes us, however, as dabbled, like so much paint, on to the composer's frank, good-tempered face, rather than as natural to the

latter, while in the more cheerful and brilliant portions of the Concerto we fancy we perceive his real disposition, which is one to which we surrender, with conviction and willingness. His desperation seems artificial; his bold vivacity, genuine. With originality in the strict acceptation of the term the Concerto cannot be credited; it is new only in certain details, technical details, but not as a whole. The first movement reminds one strongly of Liszt; the Scherzo, even more plainly of the Schubert-Liszt "Soirées de Vienne;" the finale, of Chopin, and occasionally of Rubinstein. Scharwenka does not observe the old concerto form, a fact for which he is in no way to blame, as the different parts of the whole (which, however, is too diffusely carried out) are in good proportion to each other. Wedged into the midst of the first movement is an Adagio, forming in time and key a sharp contrast to its surroundings. The second movement, the best of all, is an unusually long but highly effective Scherzo in waltz tempo. At its commencement, which is rent up by short, rhapsodical inter-movements, the finale attempts to outdo the pathos of the first movement; then passes into brilliant passage-work; and concludes with the leading motive of the first movement, the motive serving, also, as basis for the cadence (written in full). Taking it all in all, we have in this Concerto an effective and interesting work which, despite its length, does not weary, and, when played by the composer himself, must everywhere make a favourable impression. Considered in relation to its intrinsic value, it must submit to the reproach of vacillating between outward brilliancy and exaggerated, false pathos. We believe that, in a middle stage of feeling better suited to his own kindly nature, the talented composer will give us some highly satisfactory creations. As a pianist, he is very eminent. Above all, we are pleased with his nice touch, which obtains the full tune from the keys without, by boring or kneading, ever making the instrument whimper as so many celebrated virtuosos do. His mechanism appears to quite as much advantage in stormy octave writing as in the softest passage-work. What constitutes the real value and charm of this unusual bravura is the thoroughly healthy and genuinely musical execution on which it is built up. We are pleased at the idea of soon hearing Herr Scharwenka at a concert of his own.—EDUARD HANSLICK.

COLOGNE.

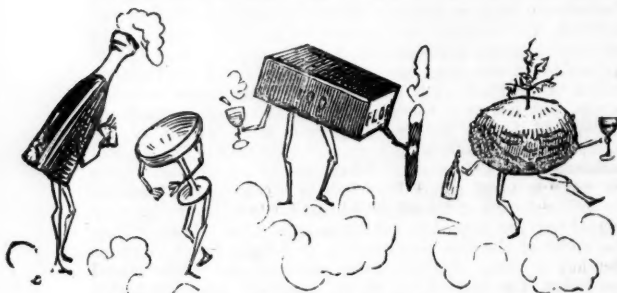
(Correspondence.)

Herr Jean Becker and the Florentine Quartet took part in the first concert, this season, of the Men's Vocal Association. Among the most noticeable features of the last two Gürzenich Concerts was the execution by Joseph Joachim of Brahms' Violin Concerto and Dr Ferdinand Hiller's new work, *Rebecca*, "A Biblical idyll." There was a very full programme at the last Evening Concert of Chamber Music given by Herren Japha, v. Königsłow, Jensen, and Ebert, with Professor Seiss as pianist. It comprised Concerto for Pianoforte, J. S. Bach; Fantasia for Stringed Quartet, Ferdinand Hiller; Pianoforte Quartet, Beethoven; and Stringed Quartet in D minor, Schubert. At the first concert of the Sacred Musical Union, Mdle Bader, a young pianist from Paris, produced an unusually favourable impression by her rendering of Raff's C minor Concerto. G. Bizet's *Carmen* still keeps its place in the bills of the Stadttheater, where Herr Schott, of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, has appeared in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and where, some time this month, *Siegfried* will be produced with Herr Unger as the hero.—GAMMA.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.—While the mirthful aspect of the season was being celebrated at the theatres on Boxing night, the religious sentiment of the period received fitting illustration by a performance of Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall. Notwithstanding the multitude of secular attractions on the same evening, and the vast number of people drawn thereto, there was a very large attendance at the great South Kensington building, and the oratorio was listened to with the serious attention which such music must ever command, heightened, perhaps, by the seasonable appropriateness of its performance. The sublime choral music created the usual profound impression, "For unto us a child is born" being encored. The soprano solos were sung by Mrs Osgood, Mdme Enriquez, Mr Barton McGuckin and Mr Thurlay Beale. Mr Barnby occupied his accustomed place as conductor, and Dr Stainer his as organist. The next performance of the society is announced for Jan. 22, when Verdi's *Requiem* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be given.

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

A MODEL PANTOMIME ARTICLE.



At some time or other—or, if not, why not?—each good little boy and girl has been given a precious book, called *The Thousand and One Arabian Nights*, and has read and re-read it with such wonder and pleasure that the contents have been, so to say, stamped upon the mind. What a book it is! How story follows story, each seeming better than the other, till we bethink us that, in point of fact, there is no better, but that all are best. What child can tell us that he prefers this one or that one above its fellows; yet if driven to choose it may be that, among the elect few, we should find the tale of Sindbad the Sailor and his Seven Trips to Sea. All would have a single thought on this point, we fancy. The story of Sindbad the Sailor is something like a story. Even we children of a larger growth, who have left the years of childhood behind us, but not parted with all their tastes—even we call to mind all that the Eastern merchant went through with something of our old wonder. Cannot we still feel the “creeps” that came over us when we read of the island which turned out to be a whale; of the fearful giant with one eye who spitted and roasted a sailor every night for his supper; of the wicked negroes who gave drink to the people they had caught, which took away their senses, that they might be happy while getting fat enough for the table; of the dreadful pit into which Sindbad was thrust with the body of his dead wife; and of the great serpents that ate up his comrades on the island where they were thrown? Is there not, likewise, some trace left of our envy of Sindbad as riches poured in upon him; as he found gold and precious stones where'er he went; came out of all his trials without a scar, and in his old age gave big dinners and full purses even to porters that chanced to go along his street? Even as we were struck with horror or filled with delight at all this, so are you that are children now, and so will be your children and theirs to the end of time. For the love of that which is strange belongs to human nature, and that which is too strange to be true is loved the best of all. Well, if it had been put to the vote of you little men and maidens which story in the *Thousand and One Nights* the Messrs Gatti should produce as a grand Christmas show on the stage of Covent Garden we fancy you would have been pretty much of a mind. But not quite. Some would have voted, doubtless, for *Aladdin*, others for *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, others for *Ali Cogia*, and so on. Yet the larger number would have held up their little hands and raised their shrill voices for our friend Sindbad; and the Messrs Gatti knew this well enough, else depend upon it they would never have asked Mr Frank W. Green to write, and Mr Charles Harris to produce, a Christmas piece founded upon the story of the merchant's travels. What a good thing it was that they went to Mr Green, for this author turned out to know a great deal more of Sindbad than most of us. It seems that all the lucky trader's joys and sorrows are not set down in the *Thousand and One Nights*. From somewhere or other Mr Green has learned of others besides those we read, and half the pleasure of going to Covent Garden while the piece runs will be found in adding to our knowledge of the hero. This is very nice for you young folk—that is to say, if it do not make you long to have all your lessons as much like a pill with a thick coat of sugar. What Mr Green has found out about Sindbad will be told in a minute or two.

Of course, Covent Garden was very full last night, and among the crowd was a large number of boys and girls. Some of you who read this were present, no doubt, but many more were not; and though it may call forth envy, we must tell you how bright and happy the children made the house look. The grown-up children who took care of the little ones were good enough to put them in the front of the boxes, and their rosy faces and bright eyes made as pretty a picture as any on the stage, while the music of the band was hardly sweeter than the prattle of their tongues. Let us hope that some of these lucky little ones bethought them of boys and girls outside,

who, even though they had saved up their shillings, could not get in for want of room. There were many such, and all of them, poor things, had to go away and spend Boxing Night in some other place. But, of course, those who did not see the crowd turned from the doors could not be troubled by regret for their loss, and it is a fact that when Mr Levey took his place and gave the signal for the music to play, not a man, woman, or child seemed to have a care in the world—which was all very right and proper, and what Christmas came to us for. “Bravo Levey!” shouted someone before a note struck upon the ear; but rather more than “Bravo, Levey!” after the prelude had been played. It was a right good prelude, given by a right good band, and you should have heard “The Village Blacksmith” upon a thing which, if we were not using very short words, we should call an ophicleide. The song was played much better than it is often sung. You should have heard, too, how the street tunes were joined in by the people upstairs; how all cheered at “God bless the Prince of Wales,” cheered louder at “God Save the Queen,” and loudest of all when the lady with the trident whose figure is stamped on coins of the realm was bidden to go on ruling the waves. Then after the great noise came a great silence, and the curtain rose.

Spirits had to do with Sindbad. This we gather from the first scene, which shows us the den of the Fairy Fiend (Miss Annie Stuart)—a very nasty den full of spiders and ugly insects. To the Fairy Fiend comes news, brought by such a post-office boy as, thank goodness, never does duty in London, that Sindbad is about to set sail. She at once makes up her mind to thwart all his schemes, calls a hansom, drawn by two insects and driven by a third—a wondrous “turn-out” indeed—and sets off. But Sindbad has a friend at court. From the centre of a spider's web Cupid appears, and lets us know that the merchant shall be well guarded. It is the old story, you see—the Good against the Bad, with man for the prize—and now we know who brought so much sorrow upon poor Sindbad, and who helped him out of it and made him healthy, wealthy, and wise. In the next scene we behold the Port of Bagdad, where Sindbad's steamer is loading for foreign parts. Here, amid much bustle and fun, we get to know not only the hero himself (Miss Fanny Leslie), but his lady-love, Zelika (Miss Annie Rose), his captain, Mustapha Jinks (Mr Macdermott), the captain's wife, Rahat Lakoum (Mr A. Williams), his first mate, Hafiz (Miss Emily Duncan), and last, though not least, a certain big boy, Ali Ben-Bolt (Mr Herbert Campbell), who wants to go to sea, as most boys do at some time or other. For a number of reasons the whole of these people resolve to make the voyage—Master Ali Ben-Bolt taking his pet monkey, Pongo (Master C. Lauri)—and at last we see them all go on board, get up steam, and start. Anon they are clear of the harbour, but the Fairy Fiend appears on the shore, and calls up such a storm that little by little the good ship sinks beneath the waves, and her people go to the bottom with her. This is very well done, and what with the antics of the monkey, the humours of the crew, and the scenic effects of the storm, the piece may be described in words not strange to the stage as “all right up to now.” Sindbad and his comrades do not drown. Cupid goes below with them and gives them power to breathe there, so that when the charming scene of the “Oyster Reef” appears, with the wreck of the steamer lying amongst shell fish and coral, we are quite ready to find the people alive and well. Here all manner of fish are seen moving about, and by-and-by there is a ballet of sea nymphs, in pretty costumes which would make a stir if worn at the seaside instead of under the waves. The chief of the nymphs (Mlle Colombier) dances with grace, and the ballet as a whole gives much pleasure. Anxious youth may ask whether Sindbad's party remain at the bottom, and, if not, how they escape? They do not remain, and their escape is simple enough. Cupid sends down a diving-bell, into which all crowd, and the Fairy Fiend is foiled. We next see the cuddy on board H.M.S. Bib—a sister ship to the Pinafore, if kin depend upon a common spirit of fun. In this place some strange feats of cooking are shown, the monkey taking an active part, and keeping the house roaring with delight. What the tricks are cannot well be told, nor would the telling be wise. Our young readers will enjoy them the more for lack of knowledge as to what is coming. But life, even on board ship, is not all fun. The Bib comes to grief, and Sindbad's party are next beheld upon an island, where the great roc of the *Arabian Nights* watches her young. The bird—a huge creature—is a peaceful bird, to all seeming, but not liking powder, soars up to the sky, when a pistol is fired at her. Soon coming back, thinking all danger over, she finds Sindbad and the Captain in her nest. Them she forthwith grasps with her talons and carries off, to the wonder and terror of the party left behind. Here again the scenic effects are very good indeed. The flight of the bird, her return, and second trip to the upper air with the captive robbers of her young, leave nothing to

be wished for even by the youthful fancy most hard to please. Of course we follow Sindbad to the valley of precious stones, whither the roc conveys him, and where all the party again meet. Now comes the grand effect of the piece. What more likely—though the storyteller of the *Arabian Nights* says nothing about it—than in this valley there should be enough people in bright array to make up a splendid show, or that, being there, they should seek to dazzle Sindbad with their glory? At any rate, we find them present, and enjoy the sight as we should enjoy a thing most rare and lovely. The valley itself seems bounded by hanging fibres of gold, which also form the sky, while at the back appears a flight of broad crystal steps, above which revolves a shining star. Down these steps, in endless array, come guards, and knights, and slaves, and queens, each setting forth the glories of some precious stone, till the stage is flooded with splendour and the dazzled eyes are glad to turn away for rest. This scene, which for wealth of colour and beauty of costume might challenge any ever shown, will be the talk of the town, and crowd after crowd will applaud it, as did that of last night. Nothing could be better. Out of the wondrous valley we pass to some place where there is a "Modern Memnon," in the likeness of a noble statesman whom you boys and girls often hear of now, but of whom you will read a good deal in time to come. The house is well pleased to see the likeness, and greet it with loud cheers; but even the modern Memnon is obscure, and neither Sindbad nor his friends can make out their way home from its speech. Still matters come right, thanks to Cupid, and after a while, Sindbad's travels being over, we reach the last scene of all, which reveals its beauty from behind the glowing colours of a first-shown Christmas card. Upon this, too, much care and money have been spent, without, so boys and girls will think, the waste of a farthing. The picture is all in the way of charming form and hue that eye can wish, and brings the story of the Bagdad merchant to a fitting end. About the fun and pranks of Clown (Mr Harry Payne), Pantaloon (Mr Tully Louis), Harlequin (Mr Mercer), and Columbine (Miss Fisher) it would be absurd to speak, since even a word or two would take off the freshness of their humour. Enough that they kept the house in a roar, and, with the final "Dream of Fairy Land," sent hundreds of children home with pleasant thoughts for pleasant dreams.

Sindbad the Sailor is a thing to see—and all should see it—rather than to hear. It affords no great chance for the actors to make their mark; yet, by dint of a few pretty and some droll songs the ear is pleased, the pranks of Pongo are a ceaseless source of laughter, and the broad fun of the caddy scene is well kept up by those who take part in it. The Covent Garden piece will succeed as a sight, and as such it ought to run a very long time.—D. T.

NEW YORK.—Preparations for the erection of a concert garden, differing from anything of the kind hitherto attempted here, have for some weeks been going on at the corner of Broadway, Forty-first Street, and Seventh avenue. To carry out this project a few well known citizens combined a year ago, and in February last the Metropolitan Concert Company, limited, was incorporated under the laws of this State. Its capital stock is \$100,000, divided in 2,000 shares of \$50 each. This company leased the property alluded to for a term of years, and the erection of a structure, for which the foundation is already excavated, is under the supervision of the architect. There will be a grand promenade encircling it, with small tables for refreshments, the music stand stationed in the centre. In the rear of the Seventh avenue side, a café, buffet, and reading room. The ground floor can be converted into an immense ball-room. Four grand stairways will lead to the balcony, and in the front, facing on Broadway, will be parlours for ladies and a foyer, extending on both sides, from Broadway to Seventh avenue. There are also to be two rows of private boxes, arranged as at the Academy of Music. The restaurant is to take up the entire rear of the balcony, and between five and eight o'clock in the evening, during a *table d'hôte* dinner, the orchestra will play music of a popular kind. Among novel features is the sliding roof (like that of the Hippodrome in Paris), to be opened or closed at pleasure; and yet another feature—the promenade around the roof, which on summer evenings will prove agreeable, as the sound of the music ascending can be heard almost as well there as inside the building. The music, which, of course, is to be the leading feature of the garden, will be under the conductorship of Rudolph Aronson, who proposes to have an orchestra of fifty musicians similar to those of Strauss, in Vienna, Arban, in Paris, and Kéler Béla, in Wiesbaden. It is the intention to give promenade concerts nearly all the year round, and to make it a popular resort for the better class of citizens. It is expected that the hall will be completed before the 1st March next.—*New York Herald*.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

The little town of Paignton, on the south coast of Devon, is well known to summer visitors for its bathing facilities and for its beautiful surrounding scenery; but even in the height of the summer holidays—much less in the dreary days of mid-winter—it is not, we believe, regarded as a favourable locality for dramatic enterprise. Nevertheless, Paignton possesses a theatre—not a very large one, as will be inferred, for its proprietors have endowed it with the modest name of the "Royal Bijou"; and here on Tuesday evening (30th ult.) the long-expected new and original comic opera by Messrs W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan, which it is hoped will outrival even the world-wide fame of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, was to be represented "for the first time in any country." We may observe that the buff-coloured posters which here and there made their appearance in a timid way on the walls of this town announced that the new piece, which bears the title of *The Pirates of Penzance; or Love and Duty*, would be represented "for one day only," on "Monday, the 29th December, at two p.m. precisely"; but this was just about the moment when Mr Sullivan's score was expected to arrive by the steamship Bothnia; so that a little longer delay was found absolutely necessary. The half-dozen persons—if so many—who were expected to attend had, however, presumptively heard of this unavoidable postponement, for news in Paignton, having but a small distance to travel, travels fast. The prices of admission, we may here remark, were not less modest than the name inscribed over the portals of the theatre, being for sofa stalls, 3s.; second seats, 2s.; area, 1s.; and gallery, 6d. Of course, under these circumstances, the rehearsals of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's work by the little company expected from Torquay for the occasion could hardly be of the kind which a piece of some importance might demand; but, as the reader will by this time have probably suspected, the representation had for sole object a compliance with the letter of the law which requires that an English literary, dramatic, or musical work shall be produced for the first time in this country, under penalty of forfeiture of the rights of the author or composer.

The Pirates of Penzance is in two acts—each comprised in one set scene—the first of which represents a vast cavern with a view of the sea; the second a ruined chapel of intensely picturesque characteristics as seen in the light of the moon. The story may be regarded as a satire or burlesque upon the conventional romance of buccaneering, with the sentimentalities of the pirate's career on the stage and in narrative fiction. Its hero is Frederick, a young corsair, beloved by the beautiful Mabel, daughter of the Major-General, whose functions are necessarily inimical to the ordinary pursuits of the gallant and adventurous suitor. A sergeant of police is also among the more prominent personages, as are James and Samuel, two pirates, and Ruth, "Frederick's nurse." That the production of *The Pirates of Penzance* at the Royal Bijou Theatre, Paignton, for "one night only," will attain the objects in view there can be no doubt, though the selection of this remote and curiously unlikely locality for its first performance is doubtless to be classed among those satirical strokes by which Mr Gilbert delights to reduce the vexatious and unnecessary formalities of the law to absurdity. The *bond fide* production of the piece comes off this week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, which house has been taken by Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan for three months from the 1st of December last. Here the careful rehearsals that have for some time been in progress have been superintended by Mr Gilbert himself, and Mr Sullivan will personally conduct the orchestra. If the piece proves successful, it will of course be brought out in London with like care, and without any unnecessary delay. That the play-going public gain nothing by the previous performance at Paignton is sufficiently clear, but the law must be satisfied.—*Daily News*.

ALL' ORNATISSIMA DONZELLA MDLLE JANATHAN.*

Ah! non mi dir bell' Angelo
Non dir, che non m'ispiri,
Un de' tuoi sguardi teneri
Un solo in me si giri
E cielo sereno e limpido
Aprirsi a me Vedrò.

Parla, e men dolce il gemere
Dirò dell' Uisignuolo;
Movi, e men lieve, ed agile
Dirò dell' aura il volo;
Sorrìdi, e in te sorriderò
Il lieto April dirò.

Paris, Dec. 17.

Sol quando scarrì il cembalo
Con sì soavi tocchi
Quando il tuo bel dell' anima
Tutto ti appar negl' occhi
Versi al pensier non chiedere,
Lascia un sospiro al cor . . .

Tutto in quei dolci numeri
Tutto sommerso ci resta
Bacia la man Virginea
La mano che li desta,
E al aura che li parta
Varria rapirli ancor.

JOANNA ENRIQUEZ.

* Copyright.

WAGNER'S "WORK AND MISSION OF MY LIFE."

(From the "Musical Times.")

Although Herr Wagner, in the articles recently contributed to the *North American Review*, tells an old and familiar story, he has touched upon many points in a manner worthy of attention. Such a man cannot exactly repeat himself. His bold and original mind must necessarily assert its distinctive qualities whenever the pen is taken in hand, and to this rule the present case offers no exception. The reader's time will not be wasted, therefore, if he make with us an examination of the latest Bayreuthian utterance.

We are struck, first of all, by an elaborate glorification of the Germanic race, as it has developed out of Germany. Wagner draws a broad line between what is purely national and what is international in the Teutonic spirit. The distinction, by the way, is characteristic of him, since he has never concealed a contempt for the bulk of his countrymen, who, in his opinion, love darkness rather than light. Setting out thus, moreover, had the advantage of flattering the self-love of the vast community of Anglo-Saxons and emigrant Germans whom he addressed through the pages of a transatlantic serial. Here are his own words: "Certainly it is a true Germanic race that has gone forth from its English home and, continually recruited by emigrants from the mother country of Germany, is working out the future of America. It shows in this its old habit; it shows itself in its true strength and greatness on a foreign soil, thrown upon its own activity and energy, and compelled to build up a new self-sustaining community. On the other hand, that part of the race which has remained in Germany, that part which bore the special distinctive name of Germans, and even in the old days stayed quietly at home, has always represented the peculiar type of the German Philistine. He lets himself be hampered and hemmed in on every side, and lives out his long tale of little woes in pettiness and wretchedness, amid continual bickerings with neighbours like himself." This is plain speaking, but dexterous policy as regards the new audience addressed, whom it could not fail to put in good temper, while gratifying Herr Wagner himself after a fashion only to be conceived by those who enter into the feelings of a prophet surrounded by deaf ears and hard hearts. But while the stay-at-home Germans are the miserable creatures above described, they are capable of producing, from time to time, as by a "mighty, miraculous birth," the great individual German—"the Great Man, standing alone in strange, majestic isolation, as only Germany has given him being, as she has brought him forth especially, to the amazement of the world, in the domain of Art—that art which otherwise has gained in Germany so small a footing." The mission of this "Great Man" is to stimulate and influence the vigorous Germanic spirit of those who have gone forth from the enervated fatherland. Living all his life as a stranger amid the hostility of his countrymen (even as Wagner himself), he appeals to "that old strain of German blood that runs through all the nations" (even as Wagner appeals in the *North American Review*). We cannot follow the writer through his detail of the causes that produced the actual corruption of Germany. Enough that he attributes the result to "the heterogeneous web of a civilisation foreign to the German race"—a web of two colours: first the sallow hue of an oligarchy of petty rulers, and next the red hue of the Revolution. These colours, and the textures to which they belonged were, we are told, blended by a third foreign constituent—the Jewish element in politics, society, and art. Such, according to Wagner, are the agencies that repress the German spirit at home, and foist upon the land of Goethe and Beethoven a civilisation foreign to and destructive of its genius. Yet it was not for want of leaders that the national spirit succumbed. Goethe and Beethoven lived at the time of the great uprising against Napoleonic domination. Weber sang his "pure and noble strains," Schiller laboured to create a national stage; and, if Herr Wagner may be credited, there was a time when German music succeeded in inspiring the lyric drama to a complete revival by breathing into it the breath of new life. Either through modesty, or some other cause, the writer refrains from telling us precisely when this crisis occurred, but he declares it to have been "the decisive moment when an intelligent support of native art, by a power as truly national, would have given the surest confirmation of the victory of German culture over foreign civilisation."

The above is a fair résumé of Wagner's argument, which, as it appears to us, has one great and characteristic fault. It is high-sounding and impressive to the ear, but offers only vague outlines to the mind's eye. Nothing can be easier than railing at a "foreign civilisation," but Herr Wagner forgets to tell us, with the precision of a practical man dealing in practical things, what a purely Germanic civilisation would be like. Misty utterances won't do in such a case. We demand something definite, and are offered but fine

phrases. So in regard to the German art of which Herr Wagner is the self-appointed champion. But here it may be said that in his *Nibelungen Ring* Wagner has shown the ideal of at least one form of that national *cultus*. We readily admit the point, and are disposed rather to insist upon than reluctantly concede the representative character of the Bayreuth music-drama, since it explains the Philistinism of Germany as we would have it explained. Our Teutonic brethren are practical enough in their way, and refuse to worship an idol simply because it has been carved out of German wood, with German tools, by German hands. It is clear from this latest deliverance that Wagner continues, with distinctive obstinacy, to misunderstand his era. He does not see that ours is eminently a practical age. Some years have passed since the most Quixotic nation in Europe went to war for an idea, and that, we take it, was the last manifestation of a spirit which prompts men to imitate bulls and charge realities with their eyes shut. Herr Wagner will never obtain a following of other than weak visionaries if he restricts himself to phrase-making. He must formulate his measures in the precise language of a statute, and then the world will know exactly what he offers. His notion of the lyric drama we do know (and many of us reject it), but this is only one element in the Germanic civilisation which he should be prepared to set forth in minutest detail. Herr Wagner further mistakes the signs of the artistic times. He is witness, as we all are, to a revival of nationality in politics. Brethren long sundered by artificial barriers are stretching forth their arms one to another, and becoming, often through much tribulation, a family again. Looking upon this phenomenon from some distant hermitage, a recluse may be pardoned for supposing that the revival extends to everything national. But where are the signs of this result? Only the other day, it is true, a solemn determination was arrived at to "christen" German war-ships with Rhine wine instead of champagne, and we cheerfully cite the fact, enduring such discomfort as it inflicts upon us. But as regards art, and, above all, the art of music, the tendency towards cosmopolitanism becomes more marked year by year. And this, *pace* Herr Wagner, is right. The music of any one country is but a plot in a beautiful garden, and should be regarded not for itself alone, but as contributing to and sharing in the glory of the whole. Indeed, apart from melodies characterised by scales and rhythms locally used, there is now no such thing as national music. Nation has acted upon nation, until—though the German element predominates by right of its superior genius—the universal art of music is, in its highest development, a compound of all excellence. Wherefore, assuming that Wagner could limit music in Germany to German music pure and simple, he would do his country's art an injury rather than a service. To his own genius he does despite even now, by wasting in local efforts that which was intended to serve the world.

After discussing the present condition of German art, Wagner proceeds to detail the experiences of his life. Over much of this narrative we can pass as being sufficiently well known, but points here and there call for notice. Thus we gather that Wagner in his "hot youth" began to imitate Beethoven and Weber before he had mastered the theory of music, and inevitable failure gave him a first intimation that, even in pursuing an ideal, some regard must be paid to realities. We learn also that his second opera, founded on *Measure for Measure*, was composed "in the French, and even in the Italian style," because in Bellini's *Romeo* Schroder-Devrient had shown what vigorous life a great artist could infuse into works even of that character. Wagner craved this vigorous life, and seems to have been far from particular how or whence it came; but, meanwhile, German music went, in his opinion, from bad to worse. Need it be said that he is at his best when describing the decadence, or that we see once more the athlete of "Opera und Drama." The "foreign, un-German element," he tells us, swept over the land. First came the "lively, sparkling compositions" of Auber and Rossini; and then followed Meyerbeer, "a man of peculiar talents," belonging to "the race of go-betweens," whose mission was to complete the estrangement of the Germans from an art peculiarly their own. Coarseness and triviality at once prevailed till Mendelssohn, also a member of the "ubiquitous, talented race" of go-betweens, came with his fine taste and real artistic ability. Here Wagner ventures to formulate the actual purpose of Mendelssohn, which was, we are told, "to lead the educated classes of Germany as far away from the dreaded and misunderstood extravagances of a Beethoven, and from the sublime prospect opened to national art by his later works, as from those rude theatrical orgies which his more refined taste so detested in the historical opera of his fellow-Hebrew." This is pretty well in the way of slashing false statement, but the impudent irony of what follows stands forth unapproached and unapproachable: "Amid all the tempests of revolution, he (Mendelssohn) gave to his art a delicate, smooth, quiet, and agreeably

tranquil form that excited nobody, and had no aim but to please the modern cultivated taste and to give it occasionally, amid the shifting and turmoil of the times, the consolation of a little pleasing and elegant entertainment." And this man, the composer of *Elijah* and *St Paul*, the champion of Bach and Schubert, the writer of the Scotch Symphony and the *Hebrides* overture was, after all, but a drawing-room entertainer, whose aims, we are further told, influenced the "feebly defined yet really earnest and meditative talent" of Robert Schumann to leave his "little spirited and pleasant songs and pieces for the pianoforte," in order to write symphonies, oratorios, and operas! One hardly knows whether to be angry at this insufferable insolence or amused at the lofty declaration, "I could not feel myself drawn towards such an art." What has the world lost by that insensibility? Who can tell? But had Wagner also composed symphonies and oratorios, we should know more than we do of the right by which he treats Mendelssohn and Schumann with irony and contempt. Besides, if Mendelssohn sought to draw the educated public away from the enigmatic Beethoven, Wagner should have exerted his energies in the opposite direction, instead of running off to Paris with a second-rate imitation of Meyerbeer in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

WARE WALL!

"Wall is a great matter."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—You can confer a great favour on many vocalists and concert-givers by cautioning them against having "My Pretty Jane" performed. McGuckin having sung it as an "encore" at one of Kuhe's concerts here, H. Wall was at once informed by his Brighton "looker-on," and came upon both McGuckin and Mr Kuhe for a penalty of £2. The publishers ought either to have words written for the music, which may be sung in public, or caution performers by stating on the title page that the words of the song may bring them into trouble. Your obedient servant,

SIMON HALF.

Mutton's—Brighton, Dec. 22nd.

THE MESSIAH AT GRAVESEND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The Milton Choral Society held its third concert—since the foundation—at the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday, December 17th, and selected for performance *The Messiah*, a rather difficult task for so young a society. I wish you could have witnessed the zeal and enthusiasm of every one concerned. The band and chorus numbered some 150, who would have convinced you anew of the fallacy that we English are not musical, or are not, at any rate, aiming to improve by the cultivation of really good music. The greatest credit for the success of the undertaking is due to Mr Feaver Clarke, honorary secretary, who is indefatigable in promoting and directing the Society in a true artistic sense. The solo vocalists were Miss A. Butterworth, Miss B. Stephens, Mr Miles, and Mr Guy, of whom the first and last named gave evident satisfaction. Mr T. Harper (trumpet), in splendid "form," was never heard to more advantage. Mr J. Rosenthal, one of our most able resident violinists, led the orchestra, and again earned golden opinions from members of the Society. The conductor was Mr Green, who, quite at home with his not easy task, felt all the greater confidence with so experienced a leader to depend upon. The chorus, though occasionally wanting in precision of attack, showed, on the whole, marked progress, acquitting themselves more than creditably. Mendelssohn's *St Paul* will be ready for performance in April next, I believe.

AMATEUR.

BAUTZEN.—Carl Eduard Hering, *Concertmeister* and composer, died here a short time since. Born on the 13th May, 1809, at Onchatz, he studied, in Leipzig, first philosophy, but afterwards music, to which he exclusively devoted himself, principally under Weinlig. After being appointed a master at the Blockmann Institute in Dresden, where he and C. M. v. Weber were much together, he was appointed, in 1839, to succeed Bergt in this town, and remained actively employed here till within a few years, as organist and music-master in the Seminary. His principal works are the oratorios: *Der Erlöser* and *Die heilige Nacht*; the operas, *Konradin* and *Tordenskjöld*; a great deal of sacred music; ballads; songs for male chorus, mixed chorus, and soloists; a *Treatise on Harmony*; and several contrapuntal works.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The following is a list of the candidates who have passed the recent First B. Mus. Examination for 1879:—

First Division.—Wilfred Collet, Trinity College, London; Clifford Blackburn Edgar, Owens College; William James Foxall (B.A.), private study; Charles John Hall, private study; William Henry Hunt, private study; John David McLure, B.A., private study. *Second Division.*—William Hamlyn (B.A.), private study; John Badcock Harris, private study.

APPARATUS FOR IMPROVING SOUND.

(To the Editor of "Engineering.")

SIR,—The above invention gave rise to a truly valuable and scientific article in your excellent paper of the 21st ult., with which I perfectly agree, at the same time with your kind permission I should like to make a few remarks in addition. The concert at Steinway Hall was an entire failure, not in its music by any means, but as a demonstration of my invention; in that matter I was the victim of circumstances and conditions too numerous to mention. I am happy, however, to be able to state that my apparatus is now in the hands of several learned professors who have already expressed themselves very favourably, and whose opinions I shall make known after Christmas, when I hope not only to prove that the returning sound wave can be mastered, but that the source of sound can be improved in volume and richness, not however at the expense of clearness. If an experiment could be made in a hall of perfect acoustic properties, it would be found that there would be a marked difference if the hall were sparsely or entirely full: if the resonance were perfect when the hall was one-third full, it would suffer disadvantage when quite full, or *vice versa* as the case might be; if this be admitted, that there is a nice congruity between the volume of sound and the conditions of a hall, it follows that a voice may have too great as well as too small a volume to suit such hall, as was the case of Signor Foli, whose fine strong voice when increased by my apparatus, became so powerful for the room, and the return waves were exaggerated to the extent of confusion, which, however, was not uniform through the room, and on the platform not appreciable; very different was the case of Miss Davies and the instruments.

The increased power as far as the imperfect state of the apparatus would permit, was decidedly favourable, as stated by the artists themselves. It is the return wave which for the most part is the source of mischief; it appears to me that the readiest method would be to master and moderate this in the first instance, and then proceed to enrich and make full the source of sound, about which there could be nothing uncertain, which indeed is the function of my reverberating steel plates. After eighteen months' endeavour, steel plates are now to be obtained tremulously sensitive to the slightest sound wave, that is, when they are perfectly free, except at the point of contact of the spring. If a sound strike such plates from the front, say at a distance of 8 ft. or 10 ft., they will return the same in proportion to volume and distance. The influence is in a most marked manner increased when the wave gets between the plates. If ten sounds are given forth in a second, then each wave must remain one-tenth part of a second between the plates; suppose a note is produced by 2,000 vibrations a second, which the plates must accept, it follows that the sound wave is repelled 200 times, each time meaning an accumulation and improvement. It is an extraordinary fact that only the last of a series of notes gives forth an after sound; the reason I suppose is, that if one steel plate receive the notes in a second, it is bound to return them in the same time, which leaves no room for an after sound. All sounds are not equally improved by one and the same plate. The higher notes mean more rapid vibration, therefore greater force, which will act upon and favour the thicker plates; on the contrary, the lower notes not having the force, favour the thin plates. Any way, experiment determines that the high notes have a greater affinity for the thick, the lower for the thin plates. In conclusion, I would beg to state that I am not a born Englishman, therefore experience some difficulty in expressing my views as clearly as I would desire. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

A. C. ENGERT.

P.S.—The above apparatus may be viewed and tested at Neumeyer's Concert Hall.

London, December 8, 1879.

The new Teatro Nazionale, Rome, will be opened on the 5th February with a grand masked ball.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SIXTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat (Posthumous), for two violins, viola, and
violinello (first time)—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^m. L.
RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG Herr HENSCHEL
VARIATIONS, in C minor, for pianoforte alone—M^{lle} JANOTHA Beethoven.

PART II.

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI, for pianoforte and violinello—M^{lle}
JANOTHA and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG Herr HENSCHEL.
QUARTET, for two violins, viola, and violinello—M^{me}
NORMAN-NERUDA, M^m. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.

THE EIGHTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 10, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^m. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and
PIATTI Beethoven.
AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"—Mr SARTLEY Handel.
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for pianoforte alone
—M^{lle} JANOTHA Beethoven.
SONG, "Thou'rt passing hence"—Mr SARTLEY Sullivan.
TRIO, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—M^{lle} JANOTHA,
M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI ... Haydn.
Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of
Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street;
Lamborn Cook, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond
Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s,
50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS.

On December 27, at 44, Westbourne Park Road, W., of acute
bronchitis, after ten days' illness, CATHERINE (KITTY), the beloved
wife of FREDERIC PENNA.

On December 29th, 1879, at 160, Regent Street, FRANÇOIS JULES
LAUVERGNAT, esteemed and regretted by all who knew him.

MR F. H. COWEN has nearly finished his second Symphony, in
C minor. If it only comes up to his first, in the same key, it
will be welcome as the flowers in May.

M^{me} ANNETTE ESSHOFF, the Empress absolute of Russian
pianists, will be here in the spring to play at the "Wagner
(Beethoven) Richter Concerts" (and elsewhere, it is to be hoped).
She will be accompanied by M^{me} Stepanoff, a *protégée* of her's
and pupil of her husband's, said to be a pianist of high attain-
ments, and, moreover (no obstacle to her success), "*une grande*
beauté." The more the merrier. *Hoch!*

THE Dunster Philharmonic Association have given Macfarren's
admirable pastoral cantata, *May-Day*, at the Luttrell Arms. Even
our smaller "provincial" towns are reading a lesson to the capital
about English music. The performance was a genuine success.
More next week.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—The members of several British institutions
in Boulogne-sur-Mer, such as the Sailors' Home, Charitable Fund,
and Free School, have presented to Herr Alexander Reichardt, in
recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to their several
interests, an address handsomely inscribed on vellum and richly
illuminated. Replying to M. Livoie, the deputy of the *arrondissement*,
through whose hands the testimonial was offered, the recipient
intimated that, although he had retired from his profession, he
would always be ready to place his talent at the disposal of any
charitable cause, and would esteem it an honour to tender his aid
through the medium of the noble art of which he has ever been a
most earnest disciple.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. DE G. (Brussels).—*Mille remerciemens, cher et viel' ami, de ton
petit mot. Salutations reciproques.*

ERRATUM.—The initial signature to Perversion No. 3 ("Where
are you going, my pretty maid?") should have been "J. L."—not
"J. B." We are requested to state this, both by "J. B." and "J. L."

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

Winter Morning Sketch.

*She came flitting by
With her head all bare,
And the snow did lie
In her light sweet-smelling hair
—The snowflakes were craped there.*

*She was like a spring day
That had lost its way,
And hardly wist
Whither to stray,
And that Winter came playing with and kissed.*

*And there were some even
Of those little light things all wings,
That came dancing down from Heaven,
Had lighted on the long lashes of her eyes.*

*All pure white wings!
Ah! to be one of you,
Not too unfit to fly
On to her hair and eyes,
Or, better still, to skip
On to her little pouting underlip,
And there melt away and die,
—Things that otherwise,
Not being one of you,
How can I ever dare to do?*

Poets'.

Passage des Panoramas.

HANS RICHTER (WAGNER) SCHUMANN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



IT would seem that musical Germany, at least
as represented by the Austrian capital, is
taking up the cudgels for its favourite,
Robert Schumann, to the disparagement of
Herr Rubinstein-Wagner and the *Bayreuther*
Blätter, which transmits to type for the world's
edification the oracular utterances and signifi-
cant side-hints of the Oracle of the *Zukunft*.
Even Hans Richter cries "Peccavi," on behalf
of his master. Dr Eduard Hanslick has some-
thing to say about this in the *Neue freie Presse*,
which I enclose with unmitigated satisfaction:—

"It strikes us as remarkable that each of the first two Philhar-
monic Concerts brought with it one of Schumann's more impor-
tant works: first the D minor Symphony, and then the *Bilder aus*
Osten, the latter charmingly scored by Reinecke. As we are all
aware, the *Bayreuther Blätter* contained last autumn a critical
dilatation of Schumann, and a most emphatic warning against
this 'untrue composer, who exerts only a pernicious effect on taste
and feeling.' Though we could never doubt that Herr Hans
Richter knows his duty as a concert director, we were heartily
delighted at the second protest made by him, Wagner's uncon-
ditional friend and admirer, above all others, against Wagner's
interdict of Schumann. The simple fulfilment of a duty deserves
emphatic commendation when it has been effected only by a
triumph over one's self, and when, perhaps, it brings in its train
all kinds of annoyances. In this respect, gratifying signs of

artistic independence have been cropping up of late. Several of the most zealous Wagnerites are setting their faces against the supposition that they dare have no gods save Wagner, and no understanding of their own. Hans von Bülow praises the last opera of that anti-Wagnerite, Anton Rubinstein, winding up a long article by the following observation, which is well worthy of being laid to heart: '*It is my opinion that in art no parties should be recognised but the party—not an over-numerous one—of those who do something and the immeasurably more predominant party of the ignorant and incapable. That the members of the first, no matter what standard they follow, shall be duly respected is an object which every colleague in art should do his share to bring about.*' Simultaneously with all this, M. Adolphe Jullien, the most eminent of Richard Wagner's French partisans, has published an excellent article: '*Robert Schumann et l'Eglise Wagnérienne*,' in which he energetically espouses Schumann's cause. Perhaps, he says, people will be surprised to see such a champion and admirer of Wagner at present take part against the latter, but '*the little temple, in the midst of which the Master is intoxicated with incense, has absolutely succeeded in irritating even the calmest minds.*' A fresh and permanent act of homage is now being paid R. Schumann in the shape of the first edition, critically revised, of his *Collected Works*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipzig. Clara Schumann herself is named as editress and (materially assisted by Brahms) has taken measures for the careful revision of all the compositions. The first part (containing the *Phantasie-stücke*, *Noveletten*, *Carneval*, and *Phantasie*, Op. 17) has already appeared, forming a worthy typographical pendant to the collected works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and, most recently of all, Chopin, due to the celebrated Leipzig house that has done so much for German composers."

I can answer for Hans Richter, who knows (and loves) a great deal of music besides that of Wagner. Inviting his attention one day to a phrase in Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony, which Wagner has included in what Hanslick at Bayreuth called "this extensive wardrobe of *Leit-Motiven*," he recognised it directly, and played the whole first movement of the symphony from memory. Hans von Bülow, not long previously, confessed to an intimate friend of mine that he had come to look upon all this *Zukunft* music (Liszt and the rest) as "Haggis;" but that he could not suddenly throw down the standard he had borne so long. Great men sometimes forget that they have occasionally said (as well as done) great things.*

H. Peters.

Service Tree and Sable, Tadcaster.

CARL ROSA'S COMPANY.

MR CARL ROSA begins another "short season" (his seasons are always too short) on Saturday evening next, at Her Majesty's Theatre. We—in common, as we firmly believe, with the public in general—hail his re-appearance among us as a happy (an "auspicious") event. What Carl Rosa does he does right well—like Eugénie Parepa, his regretted wife, whom he helped to implant a taste for English opera in the United States. He has done well in England too, and, it is hoped and believed, will do still better and better ("*Excelsior!*"). At all events, our public have faith in him, and Carl Rosa's Opera Company is already an established institution among us. We have already alluded to the contents of his new prospectus, and pronounced them excellent. Next week, however, there will be much more to say. The opera selected for the opening night is Wagner's *Rienzi*, with Dr Hans von Bülow's quondam friend, Herr Schott, as the hero. Till then—*vale!*

W. D. D.

MDLLE MARIMON AT NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Times.")

The *début* of Mdlle Marimon in *La Sonnambula* was expected to be an event of unusual interest, and the Academy of Music was accordingly completely filled, there being scarcely standing-room left. The public was, however, hardly prepared for such a triumphant success as this great artist has won. The promises and predictions which have appeared from time to time as to Mdlle Marimon, who was to "take the place of Mme Gerster," are shown to have been fully justified by the facts. She has not only taken the place of Mme Gerster, but she has made a place for herself which it will hereafter be well-nigh impossible for anyone else to reach. The audience, composed of the best judges of artistic merit in the City and the large class of opera-goers to whom the *Sonnambula* is so familiar as to be in itself almost tedious, was inclined to be calm and critical, though kindly disposed. This frame of mind, however, was of short duration. At the end of the first act Mdlle Marimon was several times re-called, with every demonstration of hearty admiration. So, too, after the second act, but such a scene as that at the conclusion of "Ah! non giunge" has rarely been witnessed in the Academy of Music. It was an ovation, almost unprecedented in our operatic annals. The audience and the musicians remained, cheered, and applauded vociferously over and over again. Mdlle Marimon was loaded down with floral tributes, not the perfunctory horse-shoes and baskets that are handed up by ushers—but with all the bouquets and loose flowers of the occupants of the boxes. Indeed, every one who had any flowers and could throw them on the stage seemed to do so. Mdlle Marimon has many claims to the rank of a great *prima donna*, if one may judge by this single hearing. She has a most expressive face, and the natural graces of a French actress enhanced by experience and the most delicate taste. She is vivacious, and in all her movements and stage business is charmingly natural, having the art to conceal her art. The scene in the first act, where the Count arrives, and Amina tries to keep the peace with her peasant lover, was an exquisite and piquant piece of acting on her part, and in the succeeding various phases of the character she showed that she is a finished actress, at once winning the sympathies of her audience. In the last act she was so excellent and powerful that even if her singing had been less effective, she would have made a great success. But greater than her capabilities as an actress are her merits as a singer. Her voice is a pure soprano, of musical quality, clear as a bell, and of very even power throughout. She knows how to use it with consummate skill, her method is faultless, and nothing in the way of execution seems to give her the slightest trouble. In the first act, the duet with Elvino, was beyond praise, but her triumph was in the third, when, having become accustomed to her audience, and certain of her success, she gave such a rendering of "Ah! non giunge," as has never been equalled in New York. The effect on the audience was electrical. Mr Mapleson is to be congratulated on an unequivocal triumph and deserves thanks for affording New York an opportunity to listen to such an artist as Mdlle Marimon.

* * * * * Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was repeated last evening in the Academy of Music before a large audience. The cast was the same as at last week's representation of the opera, with Mdlle Marimon in the title part, the performance being altogether enjoyable, and deserving of the applause so liberally bestowed upon it. Mdlle Marimon's impersonation of *Dinorah* is perhaps a more striking success than her Amina. From a dramatic point of view it is a memorable performance, full of delicate shading and brilliant flashes; for Marimon is an excellent actress, unlike many *primadonnas* in Italian opera, studying the libretto as well as the score. Nothing could be finer, in its way, than her presentation of *Dinorah's* madness, while her bearing during the "Shadow Song" showed the careful study and natural instinct of a thorough dramatic artist of the best school. "Ombra leggiera" awakened the wildest enthusiasm among Mdlle Marimon's auditors last evening, and she yielded gracefully to the demand for its repetition, sparing not a single note of the florid vocalisation in her second rendering of the air. She was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and her performance throughout was followed with the greatest interest. Signor Galassi sang the part of Hoel, as he sings every part that falls to his lot, in a noble and impressive manner. Miss Cary as the young goat-watcher, was in capital voice, and Herr Behrens was heard with satisfaction in the "Hunter's Song." The opera was well placed upon the stage, the scene of the flood being an unusually excellent picture for the Academy. The chorus and orchestra, under Signor Arditi's management, were beyond reproach.

A new theatre is in course of construction at Rome near the Piazza di San Carlo a Catinari, and still another, to be called the Teatro della Regina, will shortly be commenced.

* Or, perhaps, said great things, and not done them.—D. B.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M^DME MARIMON'S most recent triumph at the Academy of Music, New York, was achieved as Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Her performance of the lively *vivandière* created the utmost enthusiasm, and is extolled without a dissentient voice. M^dme Marimon's next character will, in all probability, be Norina in *Don Pasquale*. Her position in the United States is now assured.

"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."—This beautiful work has been recently performed with great success by the Cheltenham Musical Society. Bravissimo Cheltenham! Had we been premonished we would have undertaken a journey to Cheltenham to hear it. More anon. Why, by the glass of fashion, do we never hear anything about *The Woman of Samaria* at that (Wagner-bitten) University town, Cambridge? Surely Sterndale Bennett was, in days gone by, the tenant of the Chair Musical? Are the "Pills for Candidates," administered by Professor Macfarren, too feeble? If so, they must be strengthened. Mr Cobb to the rescue!—D. T.

WHETHER the director of an operahouse should unite to the essential qualities of enterprise, tact, and shrewdness the ambition to be a *chef d'orchestre*, is a question which Mr Carl Rosa has answered in one way, and M. Vaucorbeil, of the Paris Grand Opera, in another much less satisfactory. During the reign of M. Halanzier at the Académie Nationale de Musique, M. Lamoureux, the responsible conductor, was allowed to take his own course. M. Halanzier made no pretensions to be wiser than his *chef d'orchestre*, and matters went on with tolerable smoothness. But M. Vaucorbeil is a "musical director"—it is even said he claims to be a composer—and now, after a short experience of each other, he and M. Lamoureux have fallen out. On Sunday last the conductor sent his manager a letter, in which he said that, although the intervention of the supreme authority in purely musical matters was undoubtedly legitimate, yet in cases where agreement was impossible it placed the writer in a false position, from which there was no escape but by retirement. He begged, therefore, that his "cher M. Vaucorbeil" would permit him to lay down the *bâton*. M. Vaucorbeil responded on Monday in a somewhat curt note, saying—"I regret that you have taken a resolution based upon a state of things which I am resolved to maintain." The manager added, "I give you your liberty from to-day;" and thus the two men parted. It is said that M. Vaucorbeil proposes to go on with M. Altès, the former deputy-conductor, who is, perhaps, not above being interfered with; but, in any case, we cannot regard the incident as of good omen for the present manager. It would seem that he is "too clever by half."—D. T.

[What M. Vaucorbeil objected to was an *imperium in imperio*, an empire within an empire. Like Mr Gye, he wanted to be master in his own house.—D. T.]

THE hitherto unknown Quartet in E flat by Mendelssohn, to be introduced by Mr Arthur Chappell at next Monday's Popular Concert, is already the object of very general curiosity, and it may be taken for granted that no amateur of high-class chamber music is likely to miss the opportunity of hearing it. They will not come away regretting "time lost and money too."

MR JOHN BOOSEY gives a special morning "London Ballad Concert"—to-day in St James's Hall. The programme is more than usually attractive.

WE hear with pleasure that Mr Frederick Bowen Jewson is preparing a new edition of his admirable Pianoforte Studies. (Hint to the author of *Notes upon Notes*.)

MR JARRETT affirms positively that Sarah Bernhardt has signed with him not a mere *project*, but a formal contract, binding her to him on certain conditions for all countries which she may visit in the course of her promised artistic trip. In all probability endeavours will be made to get the agreement annulled so far as regards France. But Mr Jarrett is confident that it will be maintained in all its validity everywhere else. M^dlle Bernhardt's original intention to carry out her agreement with Mr Jarrett seems to have been interfered with by her return to the Comédie Française.—*New York Musical and Dramatic Times*.

PROVINCIAL.

BURNLEY.—At the Mechanics' Institute, Messrs Traverter and Hillier's English opera company have been giving a series of performances. On Saturday night the *Trovatore* was played with M^dme Alice Barth as Leonora, M^dme Joyce Maas as Azucena, Messrs Traverter and Mather as the rival brothers. The house was full, and the performance went off with spirit. M^dme Barth and her associates were "called" repeatedly, and the audience, though not members of the "upper ten," were thoroughly pleased.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Mr John Cheshire, the well-known harpist, gave a morning and evening concert on "Boxing Day." All who availed themselves of the opportunity of listening to the performances of Mr Cheshire and his "band of harps" were amply rewarded. The arrangements of Scotch and Irish airs, by the concert-giver, were specially admired. The vocalists were Mesdames Frances Brooke, Laura Baxter, and Mr Ernest Wadmore. Mr Cheshire's song from his Cantata, *The Buccaneer*, and Henry Smart's "The Lady of the Lea," sung by M^dme Laura Baxter, were among the features of the programme.

BIRKENHEAD.—A large audience assembled in the Music Hall, on Monday evening, Dec. 15, to hear a performance of Haydn's *Creation*. The Hamilton Musical Society is well known for its efforts in the cause of charity. Indeed its members never appear in public except when some good object is to be benefited, and the Wirral Children's Hospital will receive a considerable addition to its funds through its recent undertaking. The principals were Mrs Billinie Porter, Messrs Latham, Pierpoint, and Bevan, all of whom were favourably received. The chorus, though not numerically strong, sang with spirit and precision. The orchestra, led by Mr H. P. Sorge, was excellent, and the performance generally creditable to all concerned. Mr W. I. Argent conducted, the business arrangements of the concert being in the hands of Messrs Bleakley and Batty, honorary secretaries of the Hamilton Society.

CHELTHAM.—An attractive entertainment was given at the Assembly Rooms here, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the Cheltenham Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The first part of the programme consisted of a miscellaneous concert, the second of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The performers in both—ladies and gentlemen—were amateurs. The accompaniments were played by Mr A. E. Dyer (Mus. Bac.) on the harmonium, and the Rev. G. Bayfield Roberts (conductor) on the pianoforte. Part-songs by H. Leslie and G. A. Macfarren, besides three Christmas carols (the last being "There came Three Kings," composed by the Rev. R. F. Smith), a *Lied* by Wagner (Herr August Lortzing), an *aria* by Mozart (Mrs G. Bayfield Roberts), a violin solo by David (Mr Sidney Williams), and a song by Millard (Miss Dunn), were comprised in the miscellaneous selection. The characters in *H.M.S. Pinafore* were distributed as follows—Right Hon. Sir J. Porter, Rev. J. Churchill Baxter; Captain Corcoran, Mr N. R. H. Bullen; Ralph Rackstraw, Herr August Lortzing; Dick Deadeye, Rev. H. B. Pruen; Josephine, Mrs F. Daubeny; Hebe, Miss Taylor; Little Buttercup (Mrs Cripps), Mrs Ferguson. The whole passed to everybody's satisfaction, and it is believed that something handsome will accrue to the Fund.

BRIGHTON.—M^dme Edith Wynne, the vocalist at the Aquarium concert on Saturday, December 20, sang Balfe's posthumous ballad, "My love far away," with great success, and was warmly applauded. Miss Lillie Albrecht, the pianist, in association with Messrs Lewis and Dowton, violin and 'cello, played Haydn's Trio in E major with excellent effect, besides Thalberg's "Lily Dale" and her own "Fantaisie Marziale," gaining well-merited applause in each piece. On Christmas Eve there were concerts of sacred music, morning and evening, selected from *The Messiah*, the *Hymn of Praise*, &c. The singers were Misses Emily Moore and Annie Tate. On Boxing night and Saturday evening two "military" concerts were given by the band of the 16th (Queen's) Lancers, at both of which M^dme Zimeri was the singer. Her reception on each occasion was warm, and her execution of "O luce di quest'anima" and "Kathleen Mavourneen" showed how well she merited the compliment. On Saturday her contributions were "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*) and Bishop's "Love has eyes," in which she again earned golden opinions. For the concert to-day selections from *Carmen* and a cantata by Mr George Fox, *The Babes in the Wood*, are announced, with M^dme Bauermeister, Miss Annie Butterworth, Messrs James Sydney and George Fox as vocalists.

CROYDON.—At least once a year we are sure of a good concert in Croydon, thanks to Mr George Russell. Always the prominent musical feature of the Croydon year (too often the only concert of a high class), Mr Russell's Annual Concert was this year unusually attractive. Those who braved the cold and the fog on Tuesday

evening the 23rd December heard, at the Public Hall, not only Mr Russell, but also an eminent English violin player, a great Italian violoncellist, and two lady vocalists, of whom the soprano holds high rank, and the contralto is rapidly attaining the highest. This may seem extravagant, but while a critic has often an unwelcome task, no one should grudge him the pleasure of expressing his appreciation of perfect beauty when at distant intervals he has the chance. The contralto was Miss Orridge, who, in addition to a beautiful and sympathetic voice, already possesses what no mere experience can give and no teacher impart—the true poetical insight. Thus she gave Mr Russell's own graceful song, "Into the Silent Land," and a movement from Haydn's *Stabat Mater*, each with the exact expression that belongs to it, charming her hearers in both. In "Selva opaca," from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*—the exquisite soliloquy of Matilde while waiting for the coming of her lover, Arnold—and in Spohr's sweet and simple air, "Rose softly blooming," Mrs Osgood was alike at her best, despite the weather. We might reasonably have expected something less than the usual clear brilliancy of her voice, but she reigned superior to fogs and their results. Mr Russell must have felt pleased, after the impression created by his "Silent Land," to score another success through such a pure and artistic rendering of his "Swan's Melody." This was immediately followed by Lady Lindsay's pleasing *chansonnette*, "A Summer Story," quite suited to the singer, and evidently to her taste. The talented composer had, we understand, intended to accompany the song; but the cold and fog which Mrs Osgood conquered, conquered in their turn Lady Lindsay. The most important work was reserved, as usual with Mr Russell, for the instrumental performers. For his solo Mr Russell selected Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, the *Nocturne* in E flat and *Valse* in D flat of Chopin. We never heard him play better, and the sonata was especially admired. It would be interesting to know what connoctor of titles was the first to dub this C minor sonata "*Pathétique*." Mozart's ever fresh and beautiful Trio in E for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello opened the concert, Messrs Russell, Henry Holmes, and Signor Pezze (when they *did* begin) playing it admirably. The dispiriting weather produced a consequently uncomfortable audience; and those arriving in good time waited in great coats and warm wraps the tardy appearance of the less fortunate, the singers coming last of all; and it was nearly twenty minutes late when Mozart dispelled all cold, fog, and *ennui*, for those who love good music. By force of disregarding encores, however, the concert was finished at the usual time. Miss Orridge's "Three Fishers" was the only exception. A very spirited and artistically composed trio in A major, by Mr E. Silas, which opened the second part of the concert, was played with striking force, precision, and well balanced *ensemble* by Mr George Russell, Mr Henry Holmes, and Sig. Pezze. Mr Henry Holmes chose for his solo "*Grief and Consolation*," a touching composition by his late brother, which he interpreted with more than brotherly tenderness, making his hearers feel with and understand him. The whole came to an end with a very fine performance, by Mr Russell and Sig. Pezze, of Anton Rubinstein's first sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, in D, Op. 18, which kept a majority of the audience interested to the last. The Croydon amateurs ought to feel proud of such a concert, as they have long felt proud of their foremost resident musician.

CONCERTS.

A CONCERT in connection with the All Saints' Church Building Fund, under the patronage of the Bishop of London, was lately given at the Lecture Hall, Fulham, near Putney Bridge, at which the Misses Laumann, Miss Emily Paget, Mr Theo. Marzials (composer of the popular "Twickenham Ferry"), Miss Jessie Percivall (pianist), Mr J. Munro Coward, Mr Charles Morgan, and others assisted. Miss Emily Paget (a pupil of Mr Goldberg, at the Royal Academy of Music) gave with charming expression and refinement of style, Dudley Buck's song, "When the heart is young," and Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side," besides joining in a "Christmas Carol" (by C. J. Laumann) with Miss Laumann and Mr Morgan, and Smart's glee, "Rest thee on this mossy pillow." Miss Paget also, with Miss Percivall, sang Balfe's duet, "Trust her not." Miss Laumann was encored in Henriette's "Always alone," and was warmly applauded in "Christe Eleison" by J. Munro Coward, who subsequently played a solo on the Mustel organ on *Airs from Carmen*; Mr Theo. Marzials was encored in his own "Three Sailor Boys"; and a like compliment was awarded to Mr Charles Morgan for Balfe's "As I'd nothing else to do." Miss Cornelia Laumann's solo on the American organ, "Les Veilleurs de Nuit," Miss Jessie Percivall's performance of Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, and a selection from *H.M.S. Pinafore* (arranged by Mr J. M. Coward), were among the other leading features.

ANNA BOCK.

This highly promising young pianist has returned to the United States, and has already played with great success in New York and elsewhere. Speaking about her recent performance at the Annual Concert of the Arion Society, the *New York Evening Sun* pays her tribute in the following terms:—

"The annual concert of the Arion Society, which took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, attracted an unusually large audience. The chorus of the society has made considerable progress under Dr Damrosch's intelligent and conscientious direction, and the performance of the tastefully arranged programme was on the whole very satisfactory.

"The interest of the evening was concentrated in the reappearance of Miss Anna Bock, who about four years ago, when a mere child, appeared for the first time at Steinway Hall in a concert previous to her departure for Europe. Miss Bock's playing on that occasion gave promise of a brilliant future, and these anticipations have been fully realised; she has returned to America a matured and distinguished artist, and possesses every quality to entitle her to one of the foremost places among the pianoforte players of this country. She has made good use of the excellent opportunities afforded to her during her stay in Europe, studying one whole summer under Liszt in Weimar, and going thence to Stuttgart, where she worked for about two years under Lebert, one of the distinguished Wurtemberg professors. Since then she has played with brilliant success in some of the principal cities of Europe—Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, &c. In this last named city she appeared repeatedly at the Crystal Palace Concerts, no small honour for so young an artist. The striking features of Miss Bock's playing are superb *technique*, which she had ample opportunity of displaying in the three exceedingly difficult compositions—*Polonaise* by Weber, *Liszt*, *Impromptu* by Chopin, and *Valse Caprice* by Tausig, exhibiting in each a highly-finished, very even and sympathetic tone, and unusual power for a girl of her age and physical strength. The fair young artist produced a most favourable impression on her audience, by whom she was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause."

Mr Alfred Gilbert, son of Mr Alfred Gilbert, the well-known London professor of music, is studying sculpture in Rome, and has just received a commission from Mr Beaumont, the noted connoisseur, to execute a "group," the subject being left to his own choice. Mr Gilbert has selected "The Kiss of Glory."—"A youthful Roman warrior has received a mortal wound, and is sinking fast. The Genius of Victory is supporting him, bending her head and implanting a kiss upon his brow."

NEW MUSIC.—Among the vocal pieces published by Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. are two songs, "Rataplan" and "Oriental Serenade," the music by Mr Isidore de Lara. The first is a bold martial ditty, on a subject always popular; the second is a tender love song, which would command the ear of any drawing-room, and give an accent of earnestness to the conventional "thank you so much." Mr A. Colles's "Nell and I"—a looking back of age upon happy youth—is an example of manly and straightforward music such as delights amateur baritones, for popularity among whom it lacks no requisite. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's "Come to the dance,"—English words by Maria X. Hayes—has claims to general favour. The melody, in waltz time, is graceful and pleasing; the accompaniments are not difficult; and lady amateurs who have mastered the "shake" may confidently trust to it for a "sensation." "The Last Time," by L. M. Watts, is simplicity itself, but also expressive and pathetic. "The Sea King," a frank, manly nautical song by Louis Diehl, and "Pretty Little Sue," a quaint pastoral by George Fox, are also in their respective ways worthy of commendation. Mr Fox's music is as prettily old-fashioned as the words, and might be made part of an entertainment à la Watteau without incongruousness. Mr E. Oldham's "I'll love my love for ever" is more pretentious than the foregoing. But the composer does not get out of his depth, and, in good hands, his song cannot fail to prove acceptable. The pianoforte music recently published by this firm comprises two pieces by A. Cunio, entitled "Barcarolle du Roi" and "Madrigal de la Reine." Both are pleasing, without being specially difficult. *A capriccio* for harp on "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," by Charles Oberthür, will be welcome to all amateurs of the instrument. "Les Alouettes," an *impromptu* for pianoforte, by J. Leschetizky (husband of Mme Essipoff), furnishes a complete study in brilliant arpeggios; and lovers of pretty dance music will find plenty to admire in F. Crosse's "Connaught Rangers" waltz, and two waltzes by A. Lacombe on popular airs.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.
(From our own Correspondent.)

The latest event of importance at the Grand Opera is the resignation by M. Ch. Lamoureux of the post of conductor. The following is the letter addressed by him on the subject to M. Vaucorbeil:—

"Paris, 21st December, 1879.

"My dear Monsieur Vaucorbeil,—When you succeeded M. Halanzer, I thought I might retain my post as head of the orchestra at the Opera, being convinced that with a musician as manager I should have no difficulty in coming to an understanding how to ensure the proper working of the repertory. I did not, I confess, foresee your being tempted to take so direct and so practical a part in the settlement of certain special questions with which the conductor had previously been charged and for which he was responsible. Your intervention in musical questions is without doubt perfectly legitimate, and I am the first to acknowledge the fact, but it is no less true that, on various occasions, our artistic sentiments did not agree, and, seeing that you are placed at the head of the Opera, it would have been exceedingly ungracious of me, as your subordinate, not to make my opinion bend before yours. The result is that, while I have still the same responsibility, my authority is of necessity diminished by your incessant intervention. This state of things troubles my conscience as an artist, and might create for me a false position in which I would fain not be involved. May I, therefore, request you, my dear Monsieur Vaucorbeil, to relieve me from a burden which I have allowed to weigh upon my shoulders, and to accept my resignation as principal conductor of the Opera. I remain, dear Sir, &c.

CHARLES LAMOUREUX."

Here is M. Vaucorbeil's reply:—

"Paris, 22nd December, 1878.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated yesterday, in which you tender your resignation as principal conductor of the Opera, alleging as your reason managerial intervention, which cannot be disputed, in the getting up of pieces. I regret you should come to a resolution based upon a state of things I am determined to maintain. I accept, therefore, your resignation, and have the honour to remain, &c.

"VAUCORBEIL,

"Manager of the National Academy of Music.

"I beg to add that, in conformity with your desire, I restore you your liberty this very day."

It is said that, in all probability, M. Ernest Altès, at present second conductor, will succeed M. Lamoureux.—A new one-act comic opera, entitled *Dianora*, has been produced at the Opéra-Comique. The libretto, by M. Jules Chantpie, won the prize left by the late M. Cressent, for the best work of the kind, though the critics declare themselves at a loss to account for its doing so. Perhaps they have not read the librettos sent in by the other competitors. The story is simple; some persons say: too simple. The heroine, adopted when a child by an old Doctor who passes for a sorcerer, has grown up into a strange sort of girl, caring apparently for nobody and nothing in the world, except it be a stone statue of the Virgin which ornaments the doorway of a neighbouring chapel. As for love, she is utterly impervious to its soft influence; but she has, notwithstanding, many suitors, and among them a young neat-herd, Fantino by name. She laughs him to scorn. Following the advice proffered by the old Doctor, Fantino poisons himself by taking a dose of—some perfectly innocuous liquor. The stratagem is soon afterwards known to Dianora, but, fascinated by so great an exhibition of what she at first regarded as the purest devotion, she has lost her heart to the deceiver, whom she at once pardons, sealing the pardon with the gift of her hand. The music has been supplied by M. Samuel Rousseau, who carried off the "Prix de Rome" in 1878, and is the second musician who has gained the Cressent prize for music. With the exception of a pleasing phrase in a duet, his score is singularly deficient in anything calculated to attract the public. Its prevailing characteristic is monotony. Mlle Luigini, a *débutante*, was Dianora; Mlle Cécile Mézeray, the neat-herd, Fantino. The other characters were sustained by MM. Nicot and Morlet.—On Christmas Day there was a morning performance of *Fra Diavolo* and *Les Noces de Jeannette*. In the evening *La Flûte enchantée* held possession of the stage.

Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie* has been revived at the Opéra-Populaire, at which theatre, then called the Théâtre-Lyrique, it was originally produced. The pieces most popular then: the duet of the Mothers; Domingo's couplets commencing: "N'envoyez

pas le jeune maître;" the chorus, "Un navire qui vient de France;" and many others, are most popular now. Mlle Cécile Ritter is again the heroine. M. Stéphane made a good Paul. He was especially successful in the romance of the letter, the duet of the second act, and the *finale*. M. Boyer was deservedly applauded as the old negro, Domingo, and Mad. Sbolgi, formerly of the Théâtre Italien, succeeded Mad. Engally as Méla. The next revival will be that of Adolphe Adam's one-act comic opera, *Farfadet*. H. Dupont's opera, *Pétrarque*, will be ready by about the 15th January.

Fleur-de-Thé is in preparation at the Bouffes Parisiens.—M. Saint-Saëns' cantata, *La Lyre et la Harpe*, first produced at the Birmingham Festival, will be performed at the Concerts Padeloup on Sunday, the 11th inst. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington will sing the principal solos.

Beethoven's Symphony in C minor and Schumann's music to *Manfred* were the *pièces de résistance* at the concert given by M. Padeloup on Sunday last at the Cirque d'Hiver, in aid of the "Fourneaux," at "Œuvre des Fourneaux." Mlle Fernanda Tedesca, the young violinist, played two movements from a concerto by Max Bruch, and Mme Montigny-Rémaury performed, with M. Saint-Saëns, the latter's pianoforte variations on a theme by Beethoven. The concert, which was highly successful, ended with the overture to *Oberon*.

HENRY SMART'S BIOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—May I be permitted, through your columns, to say that I have now collected what I think may be deemed the chief points of interest in the late composer's early career, up to the time when he was appointed organist of St Philip's Church, Regent Street, London; and that any information of Smart's musical doings, &c., likely to be of use in my account of him, no matter how roughly given, will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged by me. This opportunity may be taken to express my obligations to the numerous Publishers who have so kindly and generously sent me copies of nearly all the known works of Smart, and from these I have been enabled to compile a catalogue which will prove most interesting and useful to those—and their name is legion—who regard my late lamented friend as one of the greatest English composers.—Faithfully yours,

WM. SPARK.

Brook House, Apperley, near Leeds.
Jan. 1st, 1880.

TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd:—

(Afternoon.)

Organ Sonata, No. 1, in F minor	Mendelssohn.
Notturmo for Flutes and Harp, from the trilogy	Berlioz.
<i>L'Enfance du Christ</i>	Bach.
Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor	Beethoven.
Turkish March, <i>Ruins of Athens</i>	W. T. Best.
Tema con Variazioni, in F major	Omer Guiraud.
Andante Cantabile, in A flat major	G. Morandi.
Finale—Allegretto Vivace	

(Evening.)

Organ Concerto, in D minor	Handel.
Allegro Cantabile, in F minor	C. M. Widor.
Prelude and Fugue, in G major	Bach.
Andante, in G minor	E. Silas.
Pastorale, "Quem vidistis, Pastores?" from Six	W. T. Best.
Organ Pieces for Christmas	
Scherzo, in A minor	H. Smart.
Andante con moto, in B flat major	G. Morandi.
Overture for the Organ, in F minor	

Anton Rubinstein's *Feramos* will be performed in Dantzic on the 11th inst., under his personal direction. The Wechwtynizian composer has completed an important work for four hands, called "Un Bal costumé."

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE ENCORE SYSTEM.

BY AN ACCURATE OBSERVER.

DEDICATION.

This little brochure is respectfully dedicated to

SIR MICHAEL COSTA;

as being the man who, according to the author's observation, has exhibited the greatest hostility to the absurd and ruinous system of

ENCORES.*

A few words of explanation.—As to the cause of these remarks appearing in this slipshod garb. My first intention was to "write to the *Times*;" but the length to which I found my pen running soon convinced me that no "valuable journal" would publish my letter. I, therefore, decided to honour some magazine with my contribution; but, upon reflection, I, having the sad fate of other literary geniuses in memory, awoke to the possibility of a rejection, and of a bandying about from pillar to post; a process that would soon have stopped my efforts at "reform;" therefore, possessing a small press and some type, which I have occasionally used, *en amateur*, I determined to print the work myself. Thus the cause of this effect.

It may be objected that I have said nothing on the other side of the question; that I have urged nothing in favour of encores. Just so. And simply because I am totally unable, after the most diligent search, to discover any other side; or anything that can be said in favour of the wretched system.

ENCORES.

For the serious consideration of all Musical People.

1. The system of encores having always struck me as being most absurd, unreasonable, and injurious, and having recently suffered somewhat seriously from the effects of that system, I am induced to place on paper a few remarks on the subject; those remarks being the result of a very long, careful, and, I trust, impartial consideration of the question.

2. Now, there are four distinct interests to be considered in this investigation:—1. That of the audience; 2. Of the artist; 3. Of the accompanists; and 4. Of the manager or proprietor. In order to save as many words as possible, I will simply take the case of the opera as an illustration: as all remarks relative to the Encore system, while applying more forcibly to that establishment, are applicable, in a greater or less degree, to every other place of public amusement.

3. Let us, then, first see how the case stands as regards

THE AUDIENCE.

By whom, then, are the encores obtained? Were they in obedience to the decision of a large majority of the audience, or of a small majority, or even of a large minority, it might be urged, on seemingly good grounds, that such decision should be submitted to. But, even under such unusual and favourable conditions, the repetition of the admired piece is, as I shall presently endeavour to prove, in every sense, undesirable and improper. In almost every case of encore, however, those who express a desire for it form, as every habitué knows well, but a very small minority of the audience; while in a vast number of cases it is obtained, as is well known, simply by the persistent efforts of some ten or twenty persons, out of an audience of, perhaps, several thousands.

4. And who are these noisy members of this all-powerful minority? Are they musicians, or artists, or connoisseurs? The answer to this is readily to be found in the vulgar sounds they emit. No; it would, I think, be discovered, upon investigation, to consist of a few raw youths, who have come for the express purpose of applauding their darling Patti, or their charming Trebelli, or their magnificent Faure (or "Four," as these gentlemen pronounce it); and would do so were their favourites as hoarse as ravens: while the remainder consists of persons sent in with free admissions (whether positively so instructed, and whether absolutely paid, I will not undertake to say), for the express purpose of applauding and encoring. The system of the *claqueur* is not altogether unknown in England. After this suggestion as to the *raison d'être* of these noisy people, I need not combat the notion that the encore is always due to the intense delight experienced by the applauders. They applaud because they came to applaud, and they encore for the same reason. And, of course, on the acknowledged principle of one fool making many,

* Overtures to *Leonora*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Gazza Ladra*, &c., for examples (*inter alia*). Sir Michael only tolerates "encores" for self and orchestra.—D. B.

they invariably draw into their vortex of persistent applause many others, who, if left to their own sober judgment, would not express nor experience a desire for the repetition of the piece.

5. And, now, let us see some of the evil effects of this absurd system on the audience generally. To begin with, this noisy expression of supposed delight (a custom highly unbecoming in a civilized and artistic assembly), completely disenchant the spectator, who, if the performance be really good, and he a true amateur, should be completely lost, wrapped up, in the tale; while, as I have frequently observed (let me instance the termination of "Caro Nome," in *Rigoletto*), he loses some of the most lovely and important portions of the performance. So well is this fact recognised that when, a few years since, Wagner's operas were all the rage, and the theatre was filled with his admirers, all attempts at applause, even the most mild and excusable, were immediately and effectually suppressed; on the reasonable supposition that such interruption would spoil the illusion and destroy the necessary continuity of the performance. Yet these judicious amateurs did not fail to make themselves heard at the proper time and place, namely, at the end of each act; and then made a clear and unmistakable distinction as to their opinion of the relative merits of the various artists.

6. Then, what can be more absurd, or destructive of interest, than, after an impassioned duet, and frantic separation of, say, two ill-fated lovers, their recall, smiling and bowing, for the purpose of repeating the exciting performance? Or take "*La ci darem*" (*Don Giovanni*), where Zerlina's modesty and virtue at first withstand the attacks of the amorous Don, but finally succumb to his arts; yet, upon the inevitable encore, she again pretends to be modest and adamant. The effect of this on the spectator must be that he feels he is listening, not to virtuous Zerlina, but to an actress: and this idea must attend him, more or less, to the end of the opera.

(To be continued.)

—o—
BRUSSELS.
(Correspondence.)

M. Gevaert recently organised a most peculiar and most interesting concert at the Conservatory. The programme was made up of compositions belonging to the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, respectively, performed or accompanied, as the case might be, on instruments of the same date as themselves, the instruments being procured from the fine collection of the institution. There were harpsichord pieces by Couperin, Rameau, Bach, Van den Gheyn, and Scarlatti; sonatas by Handel and Boccherini; a psalm by Marot; an air from Lulli's *Amadis*; and French Christmas Carols ("*Noëls*") of the 17th century. Foremost among the executants was M. Tolbecque, who played the solos for the bass viol and violoncello. The Queen was present.—The Minister of the Interior has adopted several measures with regard to the grand fêtes to be celebrated this year in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence. A prize of 2,500 francs has been offered for the best poem in French, and one of 1000 francs for the best in Flemish. The first will retrace the most memorable facts in the history of Belgium between 1830 and 1880; the second is to take the form of a lyric dedicated to Belgium, and intended for distribution along the line of route followed by the grand procession, which will constitute one of the prominent features of the fêtes.—GORGON.

VIENNA.—The recent performance for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the Imperial Operahouse proved a brilliant material success. Every seat was taken, and the audience, in the best of humours, did not allow a single number of the well-combined programme to pass unheeded. The proceedings opened with Weber's "*Jubel-Ouverture*," which, dashing, executed, animated the entire house. Then followed the fourth act of *Hamlet*, Mdlle Bianchi, who sang the part of Ophelia for the second time, surpassing herself—as a vocalist. Historically, her impersonation was not in the slightest degree improved. She was, notwithstanding, called to the footlights five times at the conclusion of the act, and presented with a magnificent laurel wreath. Mdlle Varette Stepanoff now played with much elegance and great intelligence Beethoven's C minor Concerto. Anyone who has heard Mdme Essipoff will be able to form a tolerably correct notion with regard to the capabilities of this latest of fair Russian pianists. After the Concerto came the well-known genre picture "*Kurmarler und Picarde*," which Reusche's drastic comicality and Mdlle Bianchi's natural good humour rendered the most amusing part of the performance. Mdlle Bianchi, moreover, spoke elegant French, and, in the two interpolated songs (Gounod's "*Sérénade*" and Maton's "*Moissonneuses*") exhibited her rippling bravura and long-sustained shake. Two many-coloured scenes from Rota's ballet, *Gräfin Eymont*, concluded the entertainment.—*Theaterzeitung*.

AT PASDELOUP'S.

(From "La France," Dec. 30.)

Constatons enfin le succès du concert populaire d'hier. M. Pasdeloup a fait une bonne œuvre puisqu'il a versé beaucoup d'argent dans la caisse de l'Œuvre des fourneaux du onzième arrondissement, et il nous a donné un très brillant programme. Deux instrumentistes ont été fort applaudis. Mlle Tedesca, une jeune et jolie violoniste, ne s'est pas contentée de faire admirer sa physionomie inspirée, semblable à celle de Velleda, elle a fort purement exécuté un *adagio* et un *rondo* de Max Bruch. Quant à Mme Montigny-Rémaury, elle est, chacun le sait, un maître, et nous n'avons qu'à noter les acclamations qui lui ont, en compagnie de M. Saint-Saëns, redit avec quel plaisir les dilettantes l'entendent interpréter les classiques.

O Paris, que de talents tu renfermes, et que de jouissances tu procures à l'esprit!

HENRI DE LAPOMMERAYE.

A DEMERARA MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The sacred concert for some time past advertised to take place in Christ Church, Georgetown, is to come off on the 19th inst. We look forward to this concert with particular interest; the programme contains works of the highest order, and the performers comprise almost, if indeed not all, of the genuine musicians of the colony. Rossini's wonderfully beautiful *Stabat Mater* is to be the *pièce de résistance*. Lovers of music may look forward to a great treat in the rendering of "Quis est Homo," which will doubtless be rendered in a manner worthy of "the Swan of Pesaro"—the patron saint of macaroni. Among other choral numbers is Mendelssohn's inspired setting of the Psalmist's "Judge me, O God" (Ps. xlviii.), the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Gounod's motet, "Gallia," composed in London during his exile from France as an apostrophe to his beloved country, when the capital was undergoing the horrors of siege. A selection of vocal solos and duets from well-known oratorios will also be included, among which we hear of the exquisite duet, "We waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and the pathetic air, "It is enough," with violoncello *obbligato*, from the same composer's *Elijah*. Full particulars of what we may perhaps venture to call the "first Georgetown Festival" will be shortly announced, and we have every reason to believe that it will afford general satisfaction. The festival will be under the special patronage of the Venerable Bishop of the Diocese.—*The Colonist*, Dec. 5.

WAIFS.

Tamberlik has been singing in Malaga.

Signora Turolla has left Bologna for Rome.

Faure will shortly sing three nights in Brussels.

Mlle Zaré Thalberg was recently expected in Milan.

The operatic season was inaugurated at Nice with *Aida*.

Signora Bianca Donadio has been singing at the Regio, Turin.

Sig. Usiglio's *Donne Curiose* is about to be produced at Como.

Herr Richard Wagner is said to be suffering from a severe attack of erysipelas.

Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti* has been performed at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Massenet has gone to Madrid to superintend the production of his *Roi de Lahore*.

The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, has passed under the management of Sig. L. Marzi.

Mad. Carlotta Patti and concert company have been very successful in Cincinnati.

M. H. Waelput is appointed Professor of Harmony in the School of Music, Antwerp.

Dr Hans von Bulow has been spending the holidays at Meinigen, as a guest of the reigning Duke.

Mad. Adelina Patti was to sing in Vienna on the 1st inst., and on the 20th inst, she opens in Paris.

The report of M. Strakosch having become manager of the Pergola, Florence, was incorrect.

The San Carlo, Naples, has been re-opened. The opera on the first night was *L'Etoile du Nord*.

M. Jules Zarembski is to succeed M. Brassin as Professor of the Piano in the Brussels Conservatory.

Max Zenger's opera, *Wieland der Schmied*, will shortly be produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

A fire broke out lately in the Theatre at Besançon, but was extinguished without doing much harm.

The Belgians want a new national hymn, instead of the "Brabançonne," which they consider antiquated.

Max Wolff has concluded a three-act buffo opera, *Die Czarin*, which will be produced at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna.

A new three-act opera, words and music by M. A. Castegnier, a Belgian, will shortly be produced at the Grand Theatre, Rouen.

The Carlo Felice, Genoa, remains closed this season, on account of a misunderstanding between the box-holders and the Corporation.

Georges Bizet's *Carmen* and Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln* are being studied simultaneously at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mlle de Reszké, the Milan Scala could not open on the traditional "Santo Stefano."

The concerts of the Belgian military bands for the sufferers by the catastrophes at Szegedin and Frameries, and in the Valley of the Senne, produced 99,706 fr., 38 centimes.

Julius Klengel, violoncellist, and formerly a member of the Gewandhaus orchestra, has died, aged sixty-one, in Leipzig. He was second of the two sons of the celebrated organist, August Alexander Klengel.

The death is announced of the wife of Mr Frederic Penna. A niece and god-daughter of the Dowager Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Stephens, she will be chiefly remembered as soprano of the celebrated duet-singers, "the Misses Smith," whose popularity, especially in Ireland and Scotland, was once so great. Her rendering of "Savourneen Deelish" in the one part, and of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in the other part of the United Kingdom is still remembered with delight by many amateurs.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has fixed the 13th inst. (Tuesday) for the evening concert, to be given by Mrs Gould, at the Steinway Hall, on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's Road, Chelsea, when Her Royal Highness has intimated her intention of being present. We understand that Mrs Osgood, Miss Carlotta Elliott, with other eminent artists, will appear. Miss Cowen will give a recitation, and Mr F. Cowen act as conductor. Mrs Gould is the lady who gave the concert (called by request "Madame Trebelli's Concert") at Willis's Rooms in May last, on behalf of the Isandula and Rorke's Drift Fund, which resulted in a considerable sum being handed to the committee. We trust she may be equally successful on the 13th, and be able to afford material assistance to the Hospital, which is greatly in need of funds, being unendowed and wholly dependent on voluntary contributions. Messrs Steinway & Sons (always willing to assist in any good cause) have given the Steinway Hall free of expense.

AMALGAMATION.—The proposal, embodied in a letter from Prince Christian, dated the 28th May last, that the Royal Academy of Music should surrender its present charter and accept a new one, has, after full and deliberate consideration, been respectfully declined. It will be remembered that in 1868, when the institution was in financial difficulties, the directors thought it advisable to surrender the Royal Charter to the Queen, but that her Majesty declared her inability to receive it back or to annul it. At great personal sacrifice, then, the professors undertook to carry on the Royal Academy of Music at their own risk and on their own responsibility; and it is claimed in their honour that the present highly satisfactory position of affairs, both artistic and pecuniary, is due in the main to their zeal and self-denial. Having consulted with the professors, therefore, and obtained their views as to the scheme of the new Musical Corporation, the committee of management say they would gladly see the institution placed on a more permanent basis than that upon which it at present rests, and they venture to think that this object would be better obtained by giving to the Royal Academy of Music, without reservation, the patronage and support which are promised to the proposed college, than by erecting a new institution. The reply to his Royal Highness, agreed upon at an extraordinary general meeting of the directors on the 13th instant, was consequently to the effect already indicated.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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